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Editorial.

A CORRESPONDENT from Japan says the work of the Unitarian missionary there is after UNITY'S own heart. "These Japanese are sick to the death of marvels and illogical dogmas. They want some rational, scientific faith." "So mote it be the round world over."

THE alternations of rain and storm, vivid lightnings and heavy floods, seem to be the special characteristics of this season. Perhaps UNITY readers in their leisure moments will reflect upon the spiritual analogies, and find consolation in the same. These storms are not without their compensation. A clarified atmosphere implies occasional atmospheric disturbances, and, perhaps, meteorological interference with some "well-laid plans of mice and men." Through it all, let us accept the universe, believe in the cosmos, and nestle under the divine beneficence of law

THE author of the Four Hundred complained of Chicago that she had no footmen to open the doors to the eastern visitor, only neatly dressed maids, who in addition to this service were sometimes suspected of dusting and making the beds. But it looks as if the city of the World's Fair was to set the fashion. We read that the class represented by Thackeray's Yellowplush is becoming obsolete; but we have no wish to claim the origin of the functionary that takes his place, the maid dressed in livery, with "brown plush tail-coats, white shirt-fronts and white ties." We stand loyally by the white-capped girl who serves our present necessities, and we shall not refuse to enter the door she opens if the cap too is missing. Indeed we like this and every other class trapping best when it is out of sight.

THE *Register* publishes an address delivered by Anna M. Longstreth before the Unitarian Association on "Women's Work for our Liberal Faith." Mrs. Longstreth speaks of the satisfaction it gave her recently on hearing from the same platform "an Episcopal, a Presbyterian and an agnostic Hebrew." She looks upon this as one of the encouraging signs of the times and as an indication that we need not "fear for the future of our kind of Christianity." By this we suspect the writer means something better than what she says, that the rather peculiar phrase "our kind of Christianity" is synonymous with that faith of reason and upright living which can be described with the name of no single religion, even with the high inspiring title, Christian. But it is interesting to note that Mrs. Longstreth finds increasing room for woman in the church in proportion as religion takes on a less doctrinal and abstract form and becomes practical. The new ideas pertaining to philanthropy and general education are directly in the line of the most advanced religious thought, aud will prove its most valuable aids.

THE connection between the modern faith cure and the miracle cures of earlier days is easily established. Father Mollinger, who recently died at Troy Hill, Penn., seems to have worked the cures which made his name so famous, by both methods. His history was quite romantic, and his character marked by traits eccentric and benevolent. He commanded a large and fervent following, and the crippled and diseased sought him from afar, in annual pilgrimages paying implicit heed to his instructions, which in spite of his use of a saint's bone and other devices of superstition, were often sound and sensible. He never forgot, in this character of the earthly physician, that he was before that a healer of souls, and it was the moral sickness of his patients that compelled his first attention. If a dissipated young man presented himself before him for relief from ills incurred from wild living, he was sternly bidden to cure himself. He would not sanction the wearing of bangs among the women of his parish, and no woman thus disfiguring herself could purchase a prescription with money or tears. No ordinary physician, not possessing a saint's bone, relying wholly on quinine or pills, would dare to copy heroic conduct of this kind.

A WRITER in *School and College*, Professor Super of the Ohio University, makes a tilt at Cæsar's Commentaries as a text-book in the Latin course of our schools, pronouncing it a most unsatisfactory book for beginners. He calls it uninteresting and incorrect as history, as the boastful relation of a single actor on the stage of affairs would naturally be. The writer protests in a way we like against the use of any book simply for its "style." DeQuincey's works and Carlyle's "French Revolution" are masterpieees of style in their way, but would hardly be selected for elementary work among students of English. We share too, Professor Super's feeling against the "Commentaries," as the record merely of soldier life, which has an inspiring influence when undertaken for a worthy cause, but a brutalizing effect only when followed from motives of personal gain. "The very fact it was a favorite with Napoleon the Great, and Napoleon the Little, ought to stamp it as an unsuitable schoolbook."

THE *Christian Union* as a defender of advanced Presbyterianism, advises the clergy of that denomination to "pay no attention" to the resolution of the late Assembly, calling on all those within the church who do not hold to the inspired and infallible character of the Bible in "Christian honor," to withdraw. The *Union* appeals from the Assembly to the Confession of Faith, which while declaring the Bible the word of God has never said it was without errors. What the Confession does declare is that certain books are of true canonical order, that spirituality is the test of divinity, and that a sufficient rule of faith and practice is found herein; the no errors theory is a modern deduction. But if the Confession did declare otherwise, its dictum, says the *Union*, would not be final, for the Confession itself is open to revision. The final authority in these matters is "the Holy Spirit speaking through the Scripture." This is rather vague, though but another way of stating the doctrine of individual judgment. That is what the entire religious world is coming to believe in; but it is perhaps asking too much of human nature especially during its periods of transition, to phrase this wish in one and the same language, equally clear and comprehensive to all who read.

A WELL-KNOWN educator in the city, Mrs. Loring writes in the *Figaro* on "Chaperonage for Young Girls." She sees the nonsense attaching to much of the talk on this subject, the temptations to deceit the system offers to those whom it aims to guard and benefit, as where girls unite to buy off their chaperon and secure their coveted freedom. She pleads however for some degree of systematic surveillance, especially for the girl in the city, where, she adds, "it is hardly safe for any lady to be alone;" relating how being once taken ill on a street-car she was unable to procure any assistance from the other women on the car, and was compelled to make her way alone to the drug-store in nearly a fainting condition. But to our thinking it is the chaperonage system and social rules of a cognate nature, which make women, the strongest defenders of these customs, so cautious and supicious, against the dictates of mercy and common-sense. There is no way to make the streets of our cities as safe for women as for men except for women themselves to assume they are so. A correct, brave and rational sentiment among women will quickly engender one among men, which exceptional abuses can not destroy. A recent English writer on this subject paid our civilization the highest compliment, true to its spirit and nearly true to the fact, when he said a lady can safely walk the streets of New York any hour of the day or night.

The Ferment of Politics.

The conventions recently held by the two great political parties of the United States, held off at arm's length and studied in the impartial spirit of social science, offer material of great interest to the patriot and moralist. The storm of enthusiasm, that so tore lungs and nerves, was out of all proportion with the intellectual seriousness and disinterestedness there manifested.

When grey-headed men of affairs out-reach the extravagances of the old time camp meeting, and yell themselves to the death over a party favorite it is time for the true patriot to stop and think. All such will rejoice over the resolution introduced in the Chicago Democratic Convention, recommending that future nominations be made in the presence of only accredited delegates and the national committee. If we can get the flambeau and the yell out of our politics there will be some hope of removing the politicians' headquarters from the saloon and reducing the power of the beer mug in our campaigns.

The greed of office is still the most demoralizing madness in the United States. At Minneapolis it is evident that the judgment as well as the enthusiasm was on the side of Mr. Blaine, but the organization, the professional force knew their own, they bided their time, and the *incumbent* was easily returned through the activity of the "Ins," who were afraid that a change might place them among the "Outs."

The methods of Harrison's nomination ought to bargain for his defeat, and the defeat of any other president, who uses his high position during the first four years of sacred trust to secure his availability for another four years.

Admitting President Harrison's qualifications in every other respect, there are many who will hope that General Grant's prophesy will hold true, that the United States will never again gratify the unjustifiable ambition of a President for a second term.

If four years is too short for a term, as we think it is, let it be made six or eight years, but let the President be put beyond the temptations of an office seeker.

At Chicago the opposition to Grover Cleveland was of the most complimentary character to him. Right-minded men within and without his party will recognize in his nomination a victory for the better elements, and a rebuke to the firewater, bourbon, office-seeking and pelf-devouring elements of the democratic party. In both conventions the office of the vice-president was reduced to the minimum of dignity and significance.

Without passing upon the merits of the candidates—their selection was not on the grounds of merit or ability, but of availability. It was a trade! This treatment of the position will make the vice-presidency more surely than ever the road to oblivion.

All together the work of these conventions justifies the hope that we are to have a presidential campaign that will be free of personalities, and the filth of scandal. Between these two parties, the issue is comparatively clear. It will turn on tariff reform and justice to the colored voters of the South. Both parties affect an interest in civil service reform, greater than we dare hope to be real. The Prohibition and Labor Movements are yet to be heard from; they will bring into the field issues less definite, politically speaking, but none the less important or potential.

So long as the strain of politics moves along the line of principle we will rejoice in it, for in defeat as in victory the truth and the right shall be served by such strain.

The Supplementary Resolution.

I wish to lay aside the editorial mask in what I have here to say, and speak in my own person:

It must be a serious matter to anyone who has followed unreservedly the course of an organization like the Western Conference during such a critical period as that of the last six years, and under a leadership so high and consecrated as that of the men most prominently identified with it, when he or she feels obliged to set aside such guidance to a degree, acting only upon individual judgment. Such an action is sure to excite misunderstanding on both sides, to be praised and blamed in ways that mis-state its real motive. For this reason I am glad to avail myself of the request of the senior editor to speak my own word on this subject, a request I appreciate the more that the Unity Publishing Committee stood with him against the resolution.

I voted for this resolution because I believed it entirely safe and honorable as far as the conference was concerned, and therefore just and generous to those seeking its passage. To me it in no way contradicts, or sets aside, or even blurs the basis of open fellowship on which the conference has rested so long. Read in the light of their own plain meaning, its words do no violence, in my opinion, either to the Preamble adopted in 1887 or to the Statement accepted a year later. That Preamble and that Statement were and still are as subject to different interpretations as the Supplementary Resolution is destined to be. If difference of construction is proof of vagueness in one, so it must be in the other.

What are some of the objections to this resolution? First, there seems to be the assumption in some minds that the word "religion," as here used, imparts a theological element to our basis which it did not have before. But why is it any more theological to say that we work "to promulgate a *religion* in harmony with the above Preamble and Statement," than to adopt the motto of which we are so proud, which defines this same work to be for "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in *Religion*"? Why has the word a more narrowing influence in one place than in the other?

Another objection words itself something like this: "Either the new resolution means something or it means nothing; if it means something different from what we already have, we don't want it, if it means nothing, still less do we want it." This spirit does not seem to me an enviable one. If we are not to act upon the principle that we will yield nothing, even that which we ourselves admit to be of no importance, I know not how any organized movement is to be maintained, how even any human relation is to be kept up. I can not but feel that those who have laid down this rule have failed to study its full bearings, or they would see it is as unphilosophical as it is unjust. The truth is it should be a rule, especially in the work of organization, to yield all that is possible to yield without sacrifice of one's sense of right; no co-operative life is possible without this spirit of just conciliation.

Next, let us note the objection that protests against the hurried manner in which this question was decided. There is a degree of justice in this charge but it seems to me only a degree; unless I am mistaken, as much time was spent in the discussion of the Supplementary Resolution, counting that given in meetings of the Board and the Business Committee, as was spent upon the Preamble at Cincinnati. It was presented first at a called meeting of the directors during the noon intermission on Wednesday, the session lasting over an hour. This meeting adjourned until 4 o'clock p. m., and sat in session until eight, four hours; eight of the directors voting to recommend the resolution to the conference, six withholding their votes. The next day two sessions, covering three hours, with the noon intermission between, to talk it over among ourselves, were given to the subject, which was also discussed at length in the business Committee. Of course the question under consideration at Cincinnati was announced beforehand by the publication of "The Issue of the West," and since subsequent events have proved that to some of our leading minds this action of the conference is of the same fundamental nature as the first, it would doubtless have been better if some preliminary announcement had been made in this case.

Last and most important of all, we are told that in pledging ourselves "to promulgate a religion in harmony with the Preamble and Statement," we harden the latter into a dogma, impart a fixed and binding character to what had been carefully preserved in a flexible or "fluid" state, introducing a credal element, and raising the statement to a place of equal honor and trust with the Preamble. This indeed would be a backward step, could it be shown we have taken it. The difficulty of demonstration is the greater that minds, equally radical and devoted to the principle of open fellowship, some of them minds that had stood openly and fearlessly for this principle years before their connection with the conference, view this point differently. Let us look at it again. The Statement, in its declaration that the beliefs therein set forth are general, not universal nor obligatory, and that they are subject to change at any time, *carries along with it a saving clause* against any possible dogmatic construction to be put upon it by any subsequent legislation. The Statement itself must first be crystallized into a creed before a Supplementary Resolution can so change it. Until that is done, its secondary and subordinate quality is safely preserved.

The distinct and separate nature of the Preamble and the Statement is clearly understood. One is a declaration of principle, abiding and universal, affording as wide shelter as the sky. The other may as fittingly be compared to our human habitations, which are liable to be repaired or torn down any day. In pledging ourselves to work for both Preamble and Statement, we no more pledge ourselves to work always for the Statement in its present shape than we promise never to change or improve the old homestead that has come down to us from father or mother. The privilege to do this goes along with the inheritance, even when not so provided in the will, and in this case it is so provided. The Preamble, the sky, then, the Statement, our local habitation, the Resolution, our declaration, simply, that we live under both! To most of us the last was sufficiently implied before, but because it was not so well implied to others we were willing to give it formal statement. To one class of minds the Statement, the temporary shelter, the little house made with hands, will be best loved, most heartily worked for, while to others the shelter of the sky will be all that is needed. Why should it trouble those of us who would be as well content had the Statement never been compiled that others regard it as of first importance, especially when its own wording so plainly maintains its secondary and subordinate character? If there are those who do not admit this, who believe the Statement more important and binding than the Preamble, and who mean to make use of the Supplementary Resolution in a way to prove this, to set the conference back on a theological basis, let the event prove it. But I do not anticipate this, for I believe that opinion among all minds respecting the worth and meaning of the ethical basis has greatly changed and enlarged, grown both more intelligent and trustful.

This leads directly to the last objection to the Resolution, that springing from the mistrust or failure to understand the object of those presenting it. The question of motives once raised is sure to have a reactive influence, to belittle and embitter all discussion, and must always be deplored, yet since it is before us I can only say that to me it was strong evidence of a better understanding of the conference and its position on the part of its former members, showing a marked and acknowledged abatement of old fears and suspicions, that they framed their request to return in such broad and general terms; proof as I have said that the work of the conference has been more educational during the past six years than we realize. "I think we all understand each other better than we once did," said Mr. Sunderland on the floor. The pain, the surprise, the distrust, evoked by the first separation has worn away to greater or less degree on both sides, giving place to a calmer and more rational state of mind. The best results of the struggle of the last six years would have been lost were this not so. It was not the love of peace above truth, that prompted this action but the conviction that the choice here presented was of a different kind, the choice between truth with peace and truth without peace. It was not the dread of loneliness. The conference has not been a lonely body during these years. The peculiar isolation it has suffered, has brought a unanimity of thought and spirit, a close personal contact and friendship that years of prosperity and larger numbers could not have brought. Not the fear of loneliness for ourselves, but some remembrance of the loneliness of the self-exiled brothers and sisters who stood outside!

An organization like the Western Conference makes demands of a varying nature upon its members. In 1887 the demand was the highest and most difficult. The time had come for clear, brave, unequivocal statement of our main principle, and at a heavy cost we were able to meet that demand. The truth of the position there maintained is now no longer questioned, though much yet remains to be done to clear and strengthen it. The battle of open fellowship is won. In 1892 the demand made upon us was of a different order. Here we were required to do, not the great thing, the glorious and heroic thing, only the kind thing, the brotherly and reasonable thing. Had the choice been between the great and the not so great, it would not have been 27 only who would have known how to make it.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

Men and Things.

ROBERT INGERSOLL says: "Heresy is the opinion of a last year's leaf of a this year's bud. Heresy is what the coffin says to the cradle."

NEGOTIATIONS have been carried on for some time for a union between the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists and the English Presbyterians, and it is said that there are indications that such union will be consummated before long.

IT is said that the decadence of the Celtic language in Ireland has been more rapid than that of any national European language; that in 1800 Irish was spoken by 80 per cent. of the population, where now it is known only to about 15 per cent.

THE *Christian Patriot* of Madras does not think much good, from the religious point of view, can come out of the world's Religious Parliament, and doubts "in the first place whether a frank conference on such a subject is possible without those taking part in it coming to blows."

THE Senate has passed a bill for the erection of a statue to Robert Dale Owen, to commemorate the fact that he introduced in the 29th Congress a bill to establish the Smithsonian Institute and was chairman of its first Board of Regents. The amount to be appropriated for the statue is $20,000.

THE University of Heidelberg is to admit women to the Philosophical Course, and bestow on them the same degrees won by men students. This is a notable step in advance for a country so conservative in its estimate of woman and her work. Heidelburg recently celebrated its five hundredth anniversary.

WE read that a new law in Berlin prescribes cremation for all paupers who die, at the city's expense. In one sense this process restores all mankind to an equality, more nearly even than death itself. No matter what a man's weight, physical or moral, the residuum in matter left after the rest has been dissipated with its natural gases, is about eight ounces.

DR. NEWMAN HALL, the eminent London preacher, whom Americans remember for his sympathy with the Union cause in the days of the Civil War, expects, says an exchange, to retire from his pastorate next July. He has attained the age of seventy-six. "Lincoln Tower," 220 feet high, which adjoins Dr. Newman Hall's church in the Westminster Bridge Road, was built in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln from funds subscribed on both sides of the Atlantic.

We learn by private letter of the silver anniversary of our friends, Rev. S. J. and Mrs. Isabel Barrows, of the *Christian Register*, and know we voice the warm sentiment of all our readers in extending hearty congratulations. The pleasant occasion was celebrated the evening of the 17th, in Dorchester, when a large company of friends gathered at the residence of the twenty-five years married bride and groom. Their greetings and good wishes for the future took the substantial form of $1,075, presented in a little blank book, in which the bills, a twenty and five each, were caught between the leaves. We understand Mr. and Mrs. Barrows intend to sail for Europe in September, for a rather extended stay abroad, and take this opportunity to wish them *bon voyage*.

MISS MARIA MORGAN, better known as "Middy" Morgan, who has just died, was a remarkable woman. She was nearly 64 years old, and for 23 years had been the live stock reporter of the New York *Times*. She was born in Cork, Ireland, the daughter of a country squire who died when she was young. She took personal supervision of his estate, and raised cattle and horses for the London market. Miss Morgan went to Italy to study art, and King Victor Emanuel appointed her to go to England and Ireland and buy a stock of Irish hunting mares for his private stable. In 1869 she came to this country for work and obtained a place on the staff of the *Times*, as cattle reporter. She gradually won the respect of the cattlemen and her fellow-reporters. Her writings did much to bring about an improvement in the treatment of cattle. She grew famous as a cattle expert, gave an address before the Legislature and went to Washington, by invitation, to give the President her views on cattle transportation. She travelled all over the country, and was invited to all conferences of cattlemen.

Contributed and Selected.

Two Hymns.

Written for the Anniversary exercises of the Meadville Theological School, June 16, '92.

TUNE, "MEADVILLE."

. . . . . .

School of the prophets, see
New life and ampler days;
Thy walls salvation be,
Thy gates increasing praise.

Fields white to harvest, hail!
As still new reapers come,
May their full sheaves avail
To swell earth's harvest home.

Churches of Christ, fulfill
The Master's perfect plan,—
Sonship of God that still
Is service full to man.

Life of our God, come down,
Within our lives to move,
And all our strivings crown,
With faith and hope and love.

H. H. BARBER.

"Shod with the Preparation of the Gospel of Peace."

TUNE, "AULD LANG SYNE."

The years of waiting and of hope,
Of study and still prayer,
Have sped their swift feet, and I stand
Upon the threshold, where
The brother's cry, the Father's call,
Are on the solemn air.

O restful and expectant years,
So full of bliss each hour;
Hope and fulfillment, twain in one.
This was your priceless dower;
With tender throb my grateful heart
Confesses your sweet power.

O, holy work that waits before,
Looked forward to so long,
The inspiration of my prayer,
The fountain of my song,
To do your service, bear your lot,
This grateful heart is strong.

E. C. L. BROWNE.

[*The above hymn was written with reference to the graduating exercises of the class of 1861 (to which the author belonged), but it was not used on that occasion.*]

The New Departure of Southern Women.

In the old days the race of southern women was judged almost entirely by the gay crowds who filled some of our northern summer resorts.

The great tide of southern travel had not yet set in, and the few Northerners who visited in southern families, were apt to see only the holiday side of life on the plantation.

We were apt in three days to describe the southern woman as a being steeped in golden languors, living in some summer-tranced calm, divine, and lifting her heavy-lidded eyes, only to cast an entrancing spell over the wayward masculine heart that gazed upon her. Like Tennyson's "Madaline," she was supposed to be "perfect in love-lore." Like her she had

"Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of flitting change."

Her lovers were legion according to tradition, and all unable to tell

"Whether smile or frown were fleeter,
Whether smile or frown were sweeter."

There is no doubt that she was attractive, especially when young, but even when mature, she was able to keep Washington society at her feet through all the years before the war. Her graciousness of manner was her charm even more than her beauty, and the latent capacity for passion with which she was always endowed by the northern imagination.

But it would have been about as just to have judged the northern women as a class, by the habitues of the summer hotels, as to so judge the southern women, even at that time. Leaving out altogether the poor white class, by far, the largest part of the population, the women of the South, of the so-called favored class, the wives of slaveholders, were a hard-working and anxious-minded class, even in the height of the South's political power. Especially was this the case with the wives of planters on remote plantations. Few of her slaves labored as hard as she, and on no one else in the household fell such a burden of corroding care. Living oftentimes amid unspeakable infamies, to which she was expected to be blind, pricked in her conscience often by her religious convictions, overwhelmed with anxiety about her sons, and solicitously guarding her daughters from forbidden knowledge, all this secret burden was added to the practical cares of a good mistress, which were enough to overwhelm a strong woman. She who was popularly supposed to "feed on the roses and lie in the lilies of life," worked in fact like a day-laborer many times, to keep her large establishment going, with its crowds of shiftless servants, and to be the house-mother to the army of dependent slaves. The education of the southern women before the war was greatly hindered by the lack of good preparatory schools and the isolation of families. But there were a large number of fairly good female seminaries and colleges, scattered throughout the South, and large numbers of the wealthier parents sent their daughters North to be educated at such excellent schools as Madame Willard's at Troy, N. Y., and others well-known in that day. Private tutors also played a part in their education, and such eminent northern men as Wm. H. Seward, Wm. Ellery Channing, and James G. Blaine were among the number who tried the experiment of private teaching in the South. Then when the war broke out, nearly every facility for education was destroyed for at least four years; and during the first ten years of reconstruction, school opportunities were not much better. A whole generation was practically deprived of the privileges of schooling.

The majority of girls of the best families had no instruction but such as their mothers gave them, and it is a proof of the high quality of those mothers, both intellectually and morally, that such a generation of women as followed the war could have been thus produced. A few schools were kept open throughout the war, but the boys could not be spared to attend them, and comparatively few families sent their daughters away from home during this distracting time. One of the great drawbacks to the intellectual progress of the South to-day is found in the generation of boys who remained at home during the war and the years following, and were thus deprived of all early educational principles. Good native ability can not atone for the lack of early training, and these men are narrow-minded and illiberal, and imbued with sectional and race prejudice to a greater degree than any other class of southern men.

During the humiliations, sufferings, exasperations and despair of the early years of reconstruction, the southern people, sorely tried as they were, were not entirely unmindful of the cause of education. A portion of the old schools for girls were revived. Some new ones were attempted. In Virginia and some of the more progressive states, the common schools were inaugurated in 1870, or a little later. The terrible poverty which had overtaken so many of the leading families of the South, drove the women of those families into these schools as teachers. Almost every celebrated family soon had its representative in the school-room. The widows of many Confederate governors or generals were among the number. They went even into the colored schools. The largest public school for colored children in Charleston, S. C., was in 1882 officered by a southern brigadier, with a corps of women teachers representing good families before and since the war. The influence of this high class of southern women in these places, was of unspeakable value to the country at that time. It brought the highest culture of that region into contact with its deepest ignorance and degradation; and immeasurable good was done by that contact. This sort of work continued for an entire generation, and it educated these teachers quite as much as their scholars. Few of these women were educated in the sense in which we now use the word. Few had prepared themselves at Normal schools or colleges for any such labor. I might say that none had done so. But they were women of intelligence, who had had some scholastic training in their youth, and who were forced to bring into play every reserve of ability for their own support, and that of their families, many times. They grew rapidly themselves under this enforced strain. No such rapid development of womanhood has ever been known probably, as the growth of southern women during the last thirty years.

The years of the war began their education in self-reliance, in business, and in self-sacrifice. They preserved civilization in the South during all that time. Their ability was an astonishment to an admiring world. Their devotion to a cause was a revelation. Their sacrifices were the essence of the highest heroism. The results of all these things upon womanly character are seen in what I call the new departure of the women of the South. They have begun to keep step with the music of the time in which they live. They are pressing forward with eager strides to overtake the progressive women of the world. They are crying:

"Not in vain the distance beckons,
Forward, forward, let us range."

From the shadow of the past, they are sweeping into the younger day, and they have qualities which may well make them leaders of the women of the nation at no remote day.

I do not think that this new movement is thoroughly understood at the North and that is why I venture to call attention to it at this time.

The casting off of the great incubus of slavery released one whole class of leading southern women from an enforced superintendence of a large number of ignorant and exasperating dependents. They were really emancipated with the slaves. The shock was great, the change bewildering, the trial terrible at the time. But that class of women was never free before, and many of them, and vastly more of their daughters, have profited by their freedom. Almost the first demand that they made upon the new time, was a demand for better educational facilities. And this they have gradually brought about, through trials and sacrifices and disappointments known only to the great pitying heart above. As fast as possible the old schools were revived and were at once filled with a crowd of students. The eagerness of the young to avail themselves of the opportunities offered, has been one of the most pathetic features of the new situation. And the forward rush of the girls has been the greatest surprise of that situation. This pressure has been caused in great part by the mothers who have in their own cases seen the need of the training they desire for their daughters. Forced in many cases to try to make a living for herself with no adequate training, she resolves that her daughter shall have a better chance. For this she sacrifices everything else. These daughters appreciate the sacrifices, and their anxiety to improve their meager opportunities, with their desire for greater opportunities is an inspiration to all thoughtful observers. Rev. A. D. Mayo who has spent twelve years in a ministry of education to the South, and is perhaps the best authority on southern educational matters to-day, says in a late report published by the Bureau of Education, to which I am indebted for many facts used in this paper:

"If we were to name the one feature of southern life, which during a twelve years' virtual residence with and study of southern society, has most compelled our attention, we should without hesitation, indicate this, *the push to the front of the better sort of southern young womanhood, everywhere encouraged by the sympathy, support, sacrifice, toils and prayers of the superior women of the generation at home.*"

The latter part of this statement will be the greatest surprise I think to many northern people. But no man knows better than Dr. Mayo of what he speaks. Few northern men have been recieved into such intimate social relations with the better class of southern people as he, and his opportunities for information upon this point are unparalleled. These young southern women are to be seen in great numbers at our northern summer schools, our Chautauquas and Institutes. They visit the best of our schools, and extend their observations to Europe. They are studying music and art in our larger cities in great numbers, and many are also abroad for this purpose. Some of our best instructors visit every summer, the southern gatherings for teachers, and carry the new ideas and principles of education to those who cannot come to seek them.

The pressure of the young southern women into literature is sudden and universal. Perhaps the most promising young writers of this country are to be found there. The abundance of new literary material, ready to their hands, is a splendid opportunity, which they apparently fully appreciate. A great deal of talent and some genuis has already been discovered, and there is a good demand for the work done by these newly evolved literary lights. We shall hear more and more of the southern literary women as the great years pass. The pressure of young women into new industrial pursuits is also one of the signs of the times on our southern border. Nothing like it was ever heard of before, and it deserves a whole paper by itself. It can not be treated of properly at the end of a chapter. Neither can the public work of the women in religion and temperance be so treated. Suffice it to say that in no part of the country is activity in the temperance reform greater than here, and the part the women are taking in the work is educating them with greater rapidity for other public duties. The few southern women who have appeared on the platform are born orators, and carry their audiences away with their eloquence. They exert a greater influence in the warm and enthusiastic South than the same class of speakers could anywhere in the North. Even woman suffrage has gained some support there, through their advocacy. The day has gone by when social success was the only ambititon of Southern young women. May all wisdom and discretion guide their new departure.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Resurrection.

PREACHED BY REV. S. A. GARDNER, AT FRESNO, CAL.

After the other Biblical miracles have been surrendered, or naturalized, that of the bodily resurrection of Jesus will still linger in the minds of men. The reason is that this miracle has become to some extent, interwoven with the world's great hope of immortality. The question is, can the one survive the other? I think it can and will. The doctrine of bodily resurrection is so material, so fleshly and gross, that it is a hindrance, rather than a help to the soul's aspirations. Immortality has never been rendered visible to the physical eye. The ocean of eternity contains no line of stakes on which lanterns are suspended during the night in order that mariners may sail the sea, having no other dependence than that of physical vision.

Saint Paul was a firm believer in the unbroken continuity of Christ's spiritual life, but Saint Paul never could have been convinced of this fact through his carnal senses. He contradicted those who told him what they had seen, while he "persecuted the church of God and made havoc of it." Yet this same Paul afterward wrote to the Corinthians, giving the names of those who had seen Jesus alive subsequent to the crucifixion. "After that he was seen of about 500 brethren at once. * * * And last of all he was seen of me also." How did Paul see Christ? In a vision. How do we know that all the others did not see him in the same way? Visions were quite common in Bible times.

Paul himself says, "For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." According to this, therefore, if Christ was actually seen after his death, instead of proving immortality, it would prove just the reverse.

If Jesus was infinite, or in possession of all the power of God, as the orthodox say, his resurrection could prove nothing as concerns those who are not infinite. Again, if the body of Christ was put into the tomb Friday afternoon and came forth alive early Sunday morning, how can that prove that a body which has been in the ground a thousand years, or until it is scattered far and wide, will also be raised? One thing cannot be used to show how another thing will operate when the two things are totally different in the first place. The fact that a chrysalis turns into a butterfly lends no support to the idea that Bob Fagan has become a winged denizen of the sky, unless it can be demonstrated that chrysalis and Fagan are cast in the same mould while the butterfly and angel are essentially homogeneous.

There is another miraculous resurrection in the New Testament, which comes a little nearer fitting our particular case than that of the resurrection of Christ—if Christ was God. We read in Matthew, "And the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many."

I wonder why "believers" are so exceedingly reticent about this very matter. I wonder why the Gospels of Mark, Luke and John forget to mention these resurrected saints? I wonder why these same miraculously risen saints were not sent as missionaries to preach the doctrine of the resurrection? They must have been "believers" as well as saints of a very high order. Nevertheless, beyond the mere fact that they came out of their graves alive and appeared unto many, not a word is said concerning them. Are we not justified in the suspicion that Christians generally do not put unlimited faith in this account? At least they are willing to employ a figurative rendering, and to say that what is meant is that the dead saints were, at Christ's resurrection, especially remembered. Buddha applies the same reasoning to himself. Just before his death he said, "The law contained in those sacred instructions which I have given shall be your teacher. By means of the doctrine I have delivered to you, I will continue to remain amongst you."

But if the "saints" did not come bodily out of their tombs, why should anyone insist that Jesus came bodily out of his tomb? The two stories are related in the same manner. They should be understood in the same manner. In my opinion, both of them should be de-materialized.

The question still remains, on what foundation can the hope of immortality rest, if the miracle of Christ's risen and visible form be removed?

Let us consult this bank of beautiful flowers. Have these richly colored blossoms any testimony in favor of an immortal life? It would seem not. Even now they are dying. No sooner are they plucked than they begin to fade. In a few short hours they will be cast as rubbish to the void. Their atoms will be laid low in the dust of the earth or become invisible in the winds that sweep forever over land and sea. Nothing is more certain than that even Easter lilies do not symbolize perpetual life.

What, then, do flowers symbolize? Not immortality, but beauty. That is their language. That is their testimony. That is their significance. Our Maker loves the beautiful. We turn from the flowers only to find that they have spoken truly. Beauty is everywhere. We dig it out of the earth. We call it down from the sky. We discover it in the deep sea. We find it in the wilderness. We recognize it in the robes of the ice-king. It is in the plumage of birds and in the tints of insects. And although all eyes may not see the beautiful, all eyes are beautiful. What seems unbeautiful lacks only proper light to make it beautiful.

It is reasonable to conclude that while the physical universe is full of beauty, the moral universe has been blessed in a similar manner. Thus there are beautiful thoughts, beautiful hopes, beautiful loves and beautiful lives. Why do I believe in immortality? Because I believe the beautiful must predominate in human destiny. If we do not live beyond the grave, justice is a deformity, mercy a dwarf, hope a shattered sentiment and man in his loftiest pride naught but a pitiful specimen of arrested development. If immortality is a fact, beauty is victorious and death charming. If immortality is a fact, eternity is a picture gallery, not a darksome vault.

Bring flowers. Put them on the coffin. Plant them beside the grave, pile them high upon every pulpit, and then ask the preacher to make his sermon as beautiful as they. If he does this he will lead men into the kingdom of Heaven through the gate called Beautiful.

Behold the Easter cross! It is covered with flowers. This is as it should be. The unadorned cross is not beautiful. It is good only for what it suggests. It suggests a noble life and a heroic death. It suggests, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." But, alas! in most minds the suggestiveness of the cross does not stop here. It suggests the murderers of Jesus. It suggests human hatred and terrible cruelty, unparalleled bitterness and unsoftened bigotry. Why should we resort to such symbols, when we would tune our hearts to utmost joy? Why should we try to love Christ by always recalling those persons who loved him not? Why do we employ symbols which necessarily engender conflicting emotions, thus destroying the very peace for which we pray? If there are ugly facts in history why should we be over-anxious to keep them alive and rankling in the hearts of men? We do not think of consecrating the bullet which took the life of our martyred President. The hangman's rope through which John Brown's soul passed to eternity could never be regarded as sacred—except by his enemies.

Pardon me then for telling you candidly that I think the Christian cross which Christians reverence has sorely harmed some tender hearts. We need no symbols to commemorate crime. Bring flowers. "Consider the lilies."

But notwithstanding the fact that blossoms, as well as myriad other objects testify to the universal demand for beauty, some afflicted mortal may still inquire, Is it true that every human life is sure to have a beautiful destiny?

I have a friend and correspondent whose great soul has been burdened with a great sorrow. He writes to me as follows: "When the stern inequalities of birth and all the circumstances of life press down upon us like caustic metal in our flesh, and when we are drifting near the ragged edge of despair, then we need all the support, all the light that the intellect can give. If our lovely moon could reason, and if she knew her own wobbling course, she might say to her parents—sun and earth—'How is it that the earth moves right on so majestically and steadily from perihelion to aphelion, from equinox to equinox, in unvarying round, while I must plunge and deviate, fully 240,000 miles, first on one side, then on the other of earth's right line of orbit? Why so much independence for the earth and so much of the obsequious for me?' Now by easy parity of reason we pass to the diversified condition of mankind. Some are born of success and to success, maintaining their independence, while others are born of failure and to failure and are always in an obsequious attitute—always failing, And right here arises the question, 'How can the failing ones ever become equal to the succeeding ones?'"

I regard this as an exceedingly important inquiry, very finely put. Certain it is, that if it be a fact that any human life is doomed to everlasting failure, there is one fact which the creator of the beautiful has failed to make beautiful. In that case he himself has set the example of deplorably failing.

Let us consider this illustration of the course of the moon as compared with that of the earth. Our planet goes directly around the sun every year, but during that year the moon not only goes around the sun, but also performs thirteen revolutions around the earth. But I think if the moon could reason it would not complain. On the contrary it would regard itself as being more fortunate, if possible, than the earth. It has more experience. It comes in contact with a very much larger portion of the universe. It experiences a much larger range of vision. If action is a source of enjoyment, as it certainly is with minds that can think—or moons that can reason—it has greater enjoyment than the earth. Again, if the moon could reason, He who gave it reason would have filled its pathway with food for reason. The more of pathway, the more of food. Some think that all of space is filled with subtle force, and that planets and satellites gather it as they go. I hold that this is especially true of the spiritual universe and that all spiritual beings are thus constantly sustained by an infinite omnipresence. If this be the case no person should regard it as a hardship when he finds that his pathway is longer or more tortuous than that of some other person. Sorrow is contact with power—the absorption of a blessing.

But my letter-writing friend, who has a noble regard for the sublime facts of astronomy, calls my attention to the smallness of our earthly tabernacle as compared with the things which are infinitely beyond our reach. He writes as follows: "You understand that if we make an observation from the vernal equinoxial point, with the very best instruments, and not carefully our bearing to the Polar star, then, six months later make an observation at the autumnal equinox which is 185,000,000 miles from our first point, and note the bearing to the Polar star, we find the two bearings are incident upon our compass dial, just as they would be had we taken both observations at the same point. 185,000,000 miles are as zero compared with the distance to the Polar star, what can our human mind do with the infinities?"

This, too, is an excellent illustration bearing upon human destiny. The world in which we live is somewhat larger than the earth on which we set our feet. Our materialistic dwelling place represents a sphere which is 555,000,000 of miles in circumference. Every twelve month we go entirely around this vast estate making sure that it is still in our possession and that no intruder is trespassing upon it. Now, the trouble is that when we wish to ascertain how far away are some of the heavenly bodies, we find that the ranch on which we live, although it is 185,000,000 miles from one side to the other, is not big enough. For example, here is a star that we can see with our eyes. What a stupendous miracle is that of physical sight! I can go further into the universe than our most perfect system of mathematics can estimate. Now let us face that star, Very well, it is directly in front of us. Now without turning our head one hair's-breadth, either to the right or left, let us carefully step aside 185,000,000 miles. Where, then is the star? Directly in front of us just as it was when we started. We have not gone far enough to furnish any perceptible angle. I tell you this earth, even when you include all the territory around which it spins in the course of the year, is not big enough for us. If we want to survey the heavens we have not sufficient standing room. Our mundane platform is narrow and insignificant.

If this be true relative to physical surroundings how much more certainly is it likely to be true with reference to moral and intellectual surroundings. When I can not describe the spiritual kingdom to which my soul aspires I will not be discouraged. When I can not depict the glories which await me, I will not lose hope. When I can not measure the possibilities of immortality or eternity, I will not say that immortality is at fault, but that my present surroundings are inadequate to my endeavors. I will allow my reason to follow my vision as far as both can go, but my faith and my hope shall proceed as much farther than this limit as the majestic stars tonight are farther from me than my little earthly home.

Come children, come flowers, come suns and moons and constellations come love and hope and joy, let us celebrate that universal Easter which proclaims in song eternal that life ever more is lord of death.

The Exchange Table.

low to Read the Old Testament.

The Bible loses nothing of its im-essiveness by being thus read in e light of its history, as we would ad any other book; but most of the ifficulties that had troubled us van-h. These low and childish views f God, these immoral and cruel ideas, ese "mistakes of Moses" which gersoll rightly objects to, these yths and legends and miracles, in-tead of offending us, fall into their rue plaee as the expression of an an-ient time. They are the very tamp of truth upon the document; vidence of the highest value of the aithfulness of the portraiture. They ommend the Bible to us as a book of eal life. So far from being a stum-bling block, the book would not be rue if it did not contain them. We o not need to say that these are true epresentations of God; we do not eed to defend them with Pickwickian ogic. They explain themselves, as o all primitive notions and customs; hey are the ideas and opinions of a barbarous people long since outgrown and left behind, but because they once were living, they can never lose their interest for us.

The ground is therefore cleared for a deeper appreciation of the value and significance of the Bible than has been possible before. Its miracles, its geology, its astronomy, its theology, its legislation, we can enjoy it all without ever thinking of appropriating it, or calling it true. It is appropriate, fascinating and delightful. There is nothing here to strain belief or to call for reconciliation. Everything is natural and belongs at its stage. We are free to see the great inspiring fact,—the evolution of a people through one thousand years or more, the divine presence in their life leading on to the loftiest ideas of morality and religion.

The Bible is thus seen to be something more than a record of events, meaningless revelations and startling appearances. As Mr. Gannett so well says, "It is the spiritual autobiography of that people which may be called the religious nation of the ancient world in the same sense—certainly, in no other sense—in which Greece stands for that ancient world's art and science, and Rome for its laws and government;—the spiritual autobiography of such a nation from its childhood to that moment in its maturity when a new religion, sprung from its loins and fulfilling it, was getting ready to take a larger place than its own in the great world life. To say the same thing in other words, the Bible is an intensely human book, and because intensely human, its worth will never die. Because its range is from the low to the highest passions of our nature, includes hate as well as love, curses as well as prayer, doubt as well as trust, love-song and battle-song as well as hymns, myth and legend as well as history; because it is human in all its variety and range of experience, it will have abiding worth to men, when the thought of it as a peculiar revelation will call up the smile with which one speaks of the Buddha's fossil tooth, the Devil's foot-print in the rock, or the sacred tripod of the Delphic oracle. Viewed as a nation's literature, it unrolls the most continuous and impressive picture of religious evolution that history probably possesses. It teaches nothing therefore quite so strongly as the exceeding *naturalness and progressiveness of religion.*

The old Testament is thus seen to be perhaps the most monumental illustration we have of the way in which God works in human life and history. It shows us the constancy, the simplicity, as well as the transcendent mystery of his inspiration. God spake in the Bible, said the old artificial view, thinking mainly of what was out of the natural order. God speaks in the Bible now, says the new reader, because he speaks in the hearts and consciences of men, and in the destinies of nations. And the great words of righteousness sound all the more deeply in our own souls, because they are the utterance, not of the cold sky, but of warm hearts like our own. We know that the divine inspiration is there, because it wakens the better life within ourselves.

When it is read in this spirit, the Bible will, I am sure, be more to us than it has ever been before. We shall have fresh eyes for its beauties, new appreciations of its literary worth, and its noble English speech, and above all a deeper impression of what it means, that God lives and speaks with men. The Bible becomes one with all literature and excellence. It no longer stands alone in artificial isolation. We realize that "the two things from which it sprang are forever in the world,—the conscience of man, and the spirit of God." It bears witness to a constant fact. And among all the values of the Bible, we recognize that its supreme value is to open our eyes and ears to the present vision and message of the Eternal Spirit.—*From a printed discourse by Rev. Austin S. Garver.*

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman faithfully presented. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

Here is a novel that has excited more talk and more discussion, more admiration and more blame, than "David Grieve." Some of the critics have said it is not fit to read; others have found it intensely moral, and a religious journal has said that every White Cross Society in the land should have it on its shelves. No one has yet denied its power. No one is likely to do this. One could read it for the pleasure of a style so crisp and clean; or again for the lovely scenes and passages it contains; or again for its multitude of acute and striking observations on the mysteries of life and love.

But Tess! She is an elemental creature; thoroughly unsophisticated; high-hearted, and with thoughts that sometimes seem above the level of her mind. Mr. Hardy calls her on his title page "a pure woman." But she is a woman who is seduced by an unworthy lover, then marries a noble fellow who does not know her history, acquaints him with it straightway, as she had tried to do before and is thereupon left by him. It is not strange but it is pitiful. It brings out the difference between the world's way with men and women, for he had erred as much. That men do not bear children made no moral difference. Tess has the hardest possible time and at last in her great misery and in despair of her husband's return she goes back to the wretched fellow who had spoiled her life. As Mr. Hardy manages it, Tess being what she is and the circumstances what they are, this may be natural enough, but we have our doubts. We think she would have gone straight to her death sooner than do it. The man is simply repulsive and we can hardly conceive even of his first hateful victory, and much less of the second. The husband comes back, Tess murders her paramour, and, after a wonderful scene at Stonehenge, we see her tragic death far off from the beautiful hill-top overlooking Winchester on one's way to Romsey, and which we, having been there, never can forget. Here is a book of horrors certainly; but Tess's love for her husband justifies them all. She is very far from being a pure woman by the conventional standards of society. Can she be called pure in any sense without violence to the word? Mr. Hardy's meaning is that her fault did not in either case touch her essential personality. In the first it was mere trusting ignorance; in the second it was sheer madness and despair. But there is the same lesson which George Eliot insisted on so much—that the effect of actions is not determined by their motive. The inmost tragedy of Mr. Hardy's book is the part played by mere accident in determining the course of events. The book is a tremendous illustration of that chance element in life of which Professor Boyce has much to say in the last chapter of his recent book, "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," where he quotes "The Fool's Prayer" of E. R. Sill, with great effect. Tess, for all her beauty and sweetness, is very much a fool, but the reader who is not merciful to her must be of stony heart, and if God has not another chance in store for such as she how can we call him good? J. W. C.

Lorita, an Alaskan Maiden. By Susie C. Clark. Published by Lee & Shepard. Boston. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

The author dedicates this book "To the Alaskan Tourists of June, 1891," so she writes evidently, of lately visited scenes. There seem to be two objects in the book: one is to describe the wonderful and little-known places she has visited, and this she does very well. Those who have made a trip to Alaska, or the Yellowstone Park will appreciate this.

The other object is to express some of her non-individual beliefs, one of which is the Christian Science doctrine, "There is no sickness," and this she ingeniously makes to evolve from the heart and brain of the Alaskan maiden, Lorita, who has had no such instruction from any one, but simply thought out, lived out and spoke out that which was "true according to nature" (*i. e.*, what the author believes to be true).

Another tenet of her belief is that disembodied spirits find their heaven or hell on this earth. "Activity is the vital breath of the healthy soul," she says, and asks, "If men happily awake from the dream of death, finding heaven in their hearts, are they henceforth to be sentenced to imprisonment for life in some distant, walled-up city, with streets of gold and gates of pearl!" "The highest heaven we find on earth is in laboring for others: why would it not be heaven in any state?" Again, "Could not such spirit, when its own brain became a handful of dust, breathe on other brains with a soft suggestion to abhor the evil, etc."

There is some "occult lore" which the author has Lorita effectually (?) answer out of her intense Christian faith which includes this. "Mortals are spirits also, and all spirits, clothed or unclothed with flesh, occupy the same spiritual world, are denizens of the same realm, and there is no barrier existing under the canopy of immensity between spirit and spirit. Immortal mind can forever speak to mind, waking or sleeping, blind or omniscient. * * * * The law of affinity is unerring," This Lorita afterwards proves true by calling her lover from the Mediterranean to Yellowstone Park. To those who share the beliefs of the author, "*Lorita*" may prove a pretty expression of their faith, for it is certainly somewhat original in its plot, even if somewhat unnatural, and its aim is high, but there is a little crudity in execution. J. S.

THE fourth number of the *Columbia College Studies in Political Science*, completing the first volume of that series of monographs, is entitled "The Financial History of Massachusetts, from the organization of the Massachusetts Bay Company to the American Revolution," by Charles H. J. Douglas, Ph.D., Seligman Fellow in Political Science in Columbia College. Before he returned East some four years ago to take charge of the work in English literature and history in the Brooklyn Boys' High School, Dr. Douglas was proprietor and managing editor of *The University*, a weekly, literary and critical journal of Chicago, since merged into UNITY. *The University* during the two or three years of its separate existence. gained a high position as an independent medium for the scholarly discussion of current topics in literature, education and politics. Besides Dr. Douglas, its editorial staff included the late Prof. Alexander Winchell, of the University of Michigan, Prof. Wm. H. Payne, now chancellor of the University of Nashville, Prof. Charles K. Adams, lately president of Cornell University, and Prof. Geo. W. Knight now of the Ohio State University, all of whom contributed to each number of the paper. Bound volumes of *The University* are now among the greatest rarities of our periodical literature.

Periodicals.

Baconiana.—Vol. 1, No. 1. May, 1892. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

The first number of a new quarterly devoted, as its name denotes, to the study of Lord Bacon's works and to critical and literary questions related thereto. The editor says in his prospectus, "The purpose of this magazine will be to aid in the study of the acknowledged writings of Francis Bacon, and the investigation of his supposed authorship of certain works not publicly acknowledged, including the Shakespeare plays and poems." As to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, the editor promises contributions from "prominent writers on both sides." The scope of the magazine is to be as wide as the special nature of its purpose will allow, including not only all matter relating to the character, genius, personal life, and works of Bacon, but also the careers and works of his contemporaries, all Shakesperean matter of general interest, and the history and literary criticism of the Elizabethan era. As to the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion, the editor no doubt will give an impartial field, but this is not to say that the magazine will have no mind of its own on that obscure theme. He says that the advocates of Bacon's claims are still in the minority—a sufficiently mild expression, perhaps, and adds that "for once in the world's history a minority will be tolerant and those who uphold the claims of William Shakespeare will have full and free access to these pages." The avowed purpose or the tone of the articles in this initial number is favorable to the Baconian view. Even a "Brief Biography of Shakespeare" ends with the remark, "In this Folio [1623] Mr. Donnelly has discovered a cipher which is declared by eminent mathematicians to be a certainty." This number has 52 pages 5½x8½ inches including margins, good laid paper, two illustrations (portraits), Book Reviews, Correspondence, Notes, etc., and seven articles on such subjects as "Bacon's Style," "Certain Friends of the Baconians," the "Sugared Sonnets." A good scholarship and *minute* study is aimed at, and there is literary dignity in the execution and tone.

MRS. ALICE L. WILLIAMS, of this city, who has edited several volumes of poetical selections with exceptional skill and taste, has compiled a small pamphlet of selections, prose and verse, called "A Help to High Living." We find here words of high and lasting import from some near home sources; the names of Learned, Reid Stuart, Effinger, etc., besides others more widely known. The little book will serve its measure of help and strength to those reading it.

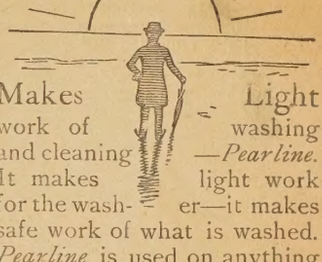
The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Leaves of Healing. Gathered by Katharine Paine Sutton. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Cloth, 18 mo, pp. 240.

Glimpses of a Better Life. By Lewis Gilbert Wilson. Cambridge: John Wilson & Co. Cloth, 12 mo, pp. 136.

Darwin After Darwin. By George John Romanes. Chicago. Open Court Pub. Co. Cloth. 12 mo, pp. 460. Price $2.00.



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Notes from the Field.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The following is the Unity Club programme for the following year:

I. THE FAMILY.

1. The Maternal Family.—Female Kinship, Polyandry. 2. The Paternal Family.—Patria Potestas, Polygyny. 3. The Democratic Family.—Divorce, rights of women and children.

II. GOVERNMENT.

1. Suffrage.—In tribe, city; of women, immigrants; ballot systems. 2. Representation,—In city, state; gerrymandering. 3. Trials.—Ordeal, jury, judge. 4. Punishment.—Exile, imprisonment, reform. 5. Education.—Compulsory, manual, moral.

III. PROPERTY.

1. Communism.—Of hunters, shepherds, farmers, villagers. 2. Proprietorship.—In land, house, ideas. 3. Inheritance.—Tribal, entail, will. 4. Service.—Slavery, feudalism, contract, wages.

Our purpose is to trace each of these institutions from its origin in the earliest society accessible down through its later growth to the present day, and then to consider how it could be helped to grow still better. But in referring to authorities we wish so to limit the numbers as to deter no one from procuring the works, and at the same time to refer to as recent works as possible, so that antiquated views may be avoided. Consequently we have referred to the following works on all subjects. To Encyclopædia, Scribner's, 1878–1889. Spencer, Principles of Sociology, vols. I. and II. Appleton. 1887–8. $4.00. Justice. Appleton. 1892. $1.25. Brooklyn Ethical Society, Man and the State. Appleton. 1892. $2.00. Brooklyn Ethical Society, Sociology. J. H. West. 1890. $2.00. De Coulanges, The Ancient City. Lee & Shepard, 1889. $2.00. On different topics, to Reclus, Primitive Folk. Scribner's, 1891. $1.25. Letourneau, The Evolution of Marriage and the Family. Scribner's, 1891. $1.25. Gomme, The Village Community. Scribner's. 1890. $1.25. Ellis, The Criminal. Scribner's. 1892. $1.25. Guyau, Education and Heredity. Scribner. 1891. $1.25. Laveley's Primitive Property. MacMillan. 1878. $3.50. *North American Review.* 1889–1892. *The Forum.* 1889–1892.

Excluding the Encyclopædia and the periodicals, the cost of all these works is only twenty-one dollars, or with the usual discount, fifteen dollars. But no individual need buy them all, for the topics are divided into subjects for articles according to the desire or personnel of the Club, expanding or contracting the different topics; and each writer is furnished with the exact reference of volume and page or year and month, so that no one need feel lost in the amount of reading required for his or her particular paper. A. W. G.

Austin, Texas.—The Galveston *Daily News* of June 5, publishes a memorial discourse to Joseph A. Mewer, Post No. 10, G. A. R., Austin, at Board of Trade Hall, Sunday, May 29, by Rev. E. M. Wheelock. The discourse is an eloquent and touching tribute to "our brothers" who "set their breasts a living barricade against the iron hail of war. . . . . They fell in the field, died in the hospital, wasted in the prison, that American union and American freedom might not perish from the earth. They crystallized the Declaration of Independence into organic law and fact. Through the glittering stars on our shield we read the grand result—not a State lost, not a slave breathing on our soil, the press free, education universal, the schoolhouse and the church side by side everywhere—all the children of one nation." Concerning "those who died fighting against us," Mr. Wheelock says, "They were as sincere as we. They acted up to the measure of their light as we to ours. If they could come back, they would be one with us to-day. It was their fate not their fault, to be drawn into the dreadful vortex of war. There was a Providence in all that terrible past, and in the madness that precipitated the conflict both sides were but working out the will of the Over-Soul. The providences of battle are the arrangements of God. The old flag with its growing family of stars is now the ensign of the south also, and the valor of the southern army, and the military genius and generalship of its chiefs, fill an imperishable and heroic page in our country's annals."

Notice: The Rev. Alfred G. Wilson, of Spokane, Washington, having been asked to be received into the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is well qualified to do good work in our ministry, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*
May 24, 1892.

Boston.—Rev. Mary T. Whitney, of Millbury, Mass., presides at the next meeting of the Monday Club. The essay will touch on "Organized Church Life."

—The *Register* tells of Meadville's fiftieth school anniversary in 1894.

—Also that in Eastport, Me., the wife of the minister, Rev. N. D. Catlin, filled his pulpit very acceptably during his late illness of two weeks.

—Rev. C. W. Wendte, lately told the London Unitarians about our Pacific churches. He received many courtesies from Rev. Brooke Herford.

—The brand new appearance of furniture and cabinet work in the Alta building is passing off—by dint of constant, daily wear in meetings of officers and committees and visitors to library, reading-room and sales-room. The summer passage through the city of clergymen on vacation is already indicated by accumulations of letters and addressed parcels in the book-room. The local clerks are lavish in accommodations and message-bearers to flying laymen and clergymen. Indeed the limited vacations taken by the officers prove the value of our new building in the summer months to be not less than in winter time.

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Seattle, Wash.—Rev. W. G. Eliot has accepted an unanimous call for another year, dating from September. We are indebted to an old friend, J. B. Shippen, for announcement card.

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1. From the Interest of the Fortunate to that of the Unfortunate; and herein:

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(a) From the Individual to his Fellows.
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(c) From Friends to Strangers.
(d) From Country to the World.

3. From Hardiness to Kindliness; and herein:

(a) From Indifference to Love.
(b) From Revenge to Forgiveness.
(c) From Opposition to Non-Resistance.
(d) From Interest'd to Disinterest'd Benevolence.

Some Opinions of the Press.

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N. Y. Independent:—That Mr. Austin Bierbower has produced a remarkably suggestive and striking treatise in his recent *Morals of Christ* is not affected by our inability to go with him to the full length of all his conclusions. * * * On the whole, Mr. Bierbower has done the thing which needed to be done. He has made an impressive and in all ways suggestive comparison of Christian morality with ancient secular ethics, and has shown that the comparison is not only in favor of Jesus, but that his teaching is essentially new and unworldly, and that it contains elements which imply more than transcendant moral illumination. Mr. Bierbower thinks and writes with a freshness that is all his own.

Christian Register (Boston):—Written in a clear, intelligent style and with an earnestness of purpose that at once commands attention; * * * full of matter both suggestive and readable.

Atlantic Monthly:—An interesting and forcible little book in which the author undertakes to differentiate Christ's morality from the Jewish or childish, the Pharisaic or ecclesiastic, and the Græco-Roman or worldly. Much of the discrimination is of value.

Inter Ocean:—The book is remarkable for its uniqueness as well as high literary character. Whatever may be the personal opinions of the author upon any debatable point of theology and philosophy, he has discussed his subject without the slightest dogmatism. One would have said that a book devoted to the founder of the Christian religion would of necessity clash with the theological views of some of the countless schools of theology, ranging as they do from the implicit faith of a Moody to the absolute negation of an Ingersoll. This avoidance of theological controversy does not appear to have been specially sought by the author. On the contrary, he evidently wrote with the utmost freedom. He simply adhered with unswerving fidelity to the subject in hand, and as a consequence, steered clear of rocks and sand bars. It may well be doubted if another so thoroughly non-controversial work on Christ's teachings can be found in the entire range of the literature of the Christian era.

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ues.—It is fidelity to the present which prepares ɾs for fidelity in the future.

'ed.—Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with your neighbor.

'hurs.—As soon as we are with God in faith and in love, we are in prayer.

'ri.—There is no true and constant gentleness without humility.

at.—We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition.

—*Fenelon.*

The Changed Crowns.

Once the king of Sleepy-land
Met the queen of Weepy-land,
Going to the town,
And because he had no hat
Lifted he instead of that,
Gracefully his crown.

As the queen so sweet and shy,
Raised to him her pretty eye
With a tear-drop in it,
"What a lovely crown!" she said,
"May I put it on my head
Just one little minute?"

To the queen of Weepy-land
Said the king of Sleepy-land,—
He was gay and bold:—
"Certainly, your majesty,
If you'll loan your crown to me,
So I won't get cold."

"Nay, but keep it, it's so big
That I wear an extra wig;
"Don't you think it strange?"
Said the king, "And mine's so small,
Scarcely will it stay at all,
And so let's exchange."

Then the king of Sleepy-land
And the queen of Weepy-land,
Joyfully did say:
"Nothing troubles us a bit,
For we've both got crowns to fit,"
And they went their way.

—*Persis E. Darron, in the Cup-Bearer.*

His Night Off.

My father played a queer trick on me the other night. You know I used to feel that I had done myself an injustice if I did not go to the theater about five or six nights a week. It was n't always the theater, but if it was n't that, it was a music hall, or a game of cards or billiards with some of the boys. Well you know how I am situated as to my business. I work for my father, and I have to be at the office early in the morning, just as the rest of the family are sitting down to breakfast. In consequence, I get my breakfast and leave the house before they are up. But I can't complain of that. I'm doing exactly what the man who had my place before me did, and between you and me I'm drawing more salary. But that's neither here nor there. It's the evenings. I used to finish work about six, get dinner in the city, and go somewhere in the evening.

I had been doing it for six months, and when I look back I remember that about the only time I saw my mother and sister during that period was at Sunday dinner. Nothing unusual in that, of course. The same thing is true of hundreds of young men in town. But they have n't fathers like mine. He came to me one afternoon and asked me if I had an engagement for that night.

"Yes," I said, "I've promised to go the theater."

"How about to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Nothing on at present," I replied.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

"All right," I said; "where shall I meet you?"

"You see he leaves the office about an hour before I can get my work finished. He suggested Lenox Restaurant at 7:30, and I was there, prepared for a quiet lecture on late hours. But when he appeared, he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him. "One I knew quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

We went out, and started straight for home.

"She is stopping at the house," he said, when I spoke of it. I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Lenox Restaurant under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

Well, we went in, and I was introduced with due formality to my mother and sister. The situation was ludicrous, and I began to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister both shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but had n't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated. It was n't a bit funny then, though I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two stories of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. When I finally retired, I was courteously invited to call again.

I went upstairs, feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking. Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining lady, and my sister was a good and brilliant girl. Now I'm going to call again, as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company, and I intend to cultivate their acquaintance.—*Evangelist.*

The Story of "Old Ironsides."

One of the five magnificent frigates built in 1798, during the war with France, namely, the Constitution, is still in existence and in good condition. Its timbers have been renewed at different times, and its equipment greatly modernized; but its outward appearance is almost the same as ever. When built it was considered one of the finest ships in the American navy; but it would offer but slight resistance to the attacks of a powerful modern ironclad like the Miantonomoh. The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers, in 1803, she was Commodore Preble's flag-ship in the Mediterranean, and played a conspicuous part during the whole year. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill-fated Intrepid, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812, the English papers laughed at the Constitution, and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when, under Captain Hull, she captured the English frigate the Guerriere a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the staunchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory, the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the Java, to strike its colors. One of the most famous of her exploits was during the same war, when she escaped from Broke's squadron, among which she had accidently fallen. The sea was almost a dead calm, so Captain Hull had to resort to towing. All her boats were lowered, with long lines attached, and in addition Hull had ropes spliced together to make a line half a mile long, to which he had attached a kedge anchor. This was carried in a boat half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew hauled the ship rapidly forward. The commodore of the English squadron soon adopted the same tactics, and if it had not been for a breeze springing up the Constitution would have been captured. In 1830 it was proposed by the navy department to take her to pieces, for she was said to be unseaworthy. But on account of her glorious achievements, people thought she should be preserved. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty-one, just graduated from Harvard university, wrote the famous patriotic poem, "Old Ironsides." This poem had such a powerful influence on the public mind that the vessel was saved, and, as I have already said, is still in existence, though nearly a hundred years old.—*Harper's Young People.*

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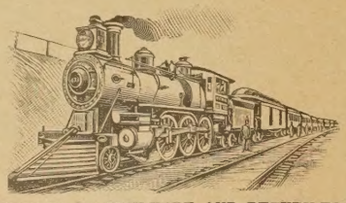

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